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THE BYSTANDER
October 2, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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- Cheese
- Eggs
- Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)
- Salmon (fresh or canned)
- Liver
- Potatoes
- Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
- Salads
- Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
- Carrots
- Tomatoes
- Wholemeal Bread

SOUP FOR AIR-RAIDS

Try to make soup every day so that you always have some ready to heat up. A hot drink works wonders at a time of shock or strain. Nothing could be better than hot vegetable soup as this is nourishing as well as soothing. Prepare and cut up 2 or 3 carrots, 2 onions, ½ small swede and if possible 2 or 3 sticks of celery. Make 1 oz. dripping very hot in your saucepan. Put in the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 pints hot water and bring to the boil. Put in 2 ozs. rice or pearl barley, cover, and simmer for 2 hours. More water may be added if necessary. A little chopped parsley just before serving is a pleasant addition.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes are very warming and invigorating. Serve them often, and for a change try using them this way. Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them into thick slices. Peel and slice ½ lb. onions. Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt and pepper to taste. Grease a pie-dish. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and onions, sprinkling each layer with the seasoned flour. The top layer should be of potatoes. Pour in 3 teacupfuls hot milk and bake for about 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes enough for 4 or 5 people.

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THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

The Bystander

"The Mortal Storm"—an Anti-Nazi Film

James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan are hero and heroine of the film M.G.M. have made of Phyllis Bottome's best seller, *The Mortal Storm*. He plays the young peasant and she the Jewish professor's daughter who meet out ski-ing, fall in love, and then find their private affairs caught up in the history of their country when, in the early days of the Nazi regime, political warfare tore its way into the structure of family life. Director Frank Borzage has made a vivid and moving adaptation of Miss Bottome's story. For ski-ers it has a special interest, since much of the action is played out in the Bavarian Alps, and M.G.M. have taken great trouble to make the ski-ing shots authentic, even to mounting a camera on a "ski-dolly," which during one "take" rushed over a precipice. Robert Taylor, Frank Morgan, Bonita Granville are other players in *The Mortal Storm*, which went to the Empire last Friday. (More pictures next week)

***First Lord** of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander, went to a North-Eastern trawler base where he inspected Britain's "little ships" that have done so much good work around our coasts. The First Lord also saw how the shipbuilding yards are rapidly increasing the strength of the Fleet. He was accompanied by Rear-Admiral Wellwood Maxwell*

***War Minister** Anthony Eden opened a new central bureau of information for the Forces in Trafalgar Square. The bureau renders many forms of aid. Lost money, papers, ration cards, or a soldier wishing to marry quickly—all are attended to by the bureau in its welfare work for the Services. Mr. Eden said that the objects of the welfare work were to fight boredom, foster mental activity and stimulate the will and imagination to enable the Army to fight the offensive battle that lay ahead*

***Free Frenchman** is Captain Foch, grandson of the late Marshal Foch. He was one of General de Gaulle's envoys at Dakar, who were fired upon by the adherents of the Vichy Government, in spite of their flag of truce*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE failure of the attack on Dakar was sad, but I don't think it was nearly so sad as a lot of people make out. For one thing it showed the supporters of Free France in Africa that their leader is able and willing to appear in person and lead them. And for another thing it demonstrates to the world once again the enormous power which the command of the sea gives us. We can send expeditionary forces anywhere we like, so long as there is a sea to send them by and take them away again without the enemy being able to do anything against us.

AS for the Vichy Frenchmen, their behaviour becomes more and more astounding every week. The bombing raids on Gibraltar by French aeroplanes have brought it home to a good many of us that there are many of the rank and file of the French forces who are as pro-Vichy as the Vichy Government itself. In the same category comes the terrible story, told last week for the first time, by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt. Even before the French had dropped out of the war they were preventing the Royal Air Force from attacking Italy. When a group of our bombers was on the point of starting off for a flight against the Italians, they found that the French had covered the aerodrome with obstructions.

A HOT controversy has arisen among all the people who think they know everything about the German accuracy in their bombing. One school of thought says that they hit so many important points, or only miss them by a yard or two, that they must be extremely skilful experts in precision-bombing. The other school of thought replies that they miss so many important objectives and they scatter so many bombs at random that they must be flinging their cargoes down indiscriminately.

PERSONALLY, I think the truth lies in between the two. I think that their navigation instruments allow them to get with reasonable accuracy above a certain district, and that then they loose their bombs indiscriminately on to that district. Thus, if they arrive over an area which contains four railway stations, one power station, and a hundred thousand little houses, and if they loose off all their bombs, with the result that they hit one station and fifty houses, one side can claim that they were aiming at the stations, while the other side can point out that actually they hit fifty times more houses.

I MADE another tour on my bicycle of the damaged areas in London last week, and I was greatly impressed by the extraordinary difference in the powers of resistance of a modern house and of a nineteenth-century brick-and-stucco house. The lovely houses of John Nash which stretch from the Mall up to Regent's Park go down like matchwood under a bomb, whereas your modern steel and concrete building stands up heroically.

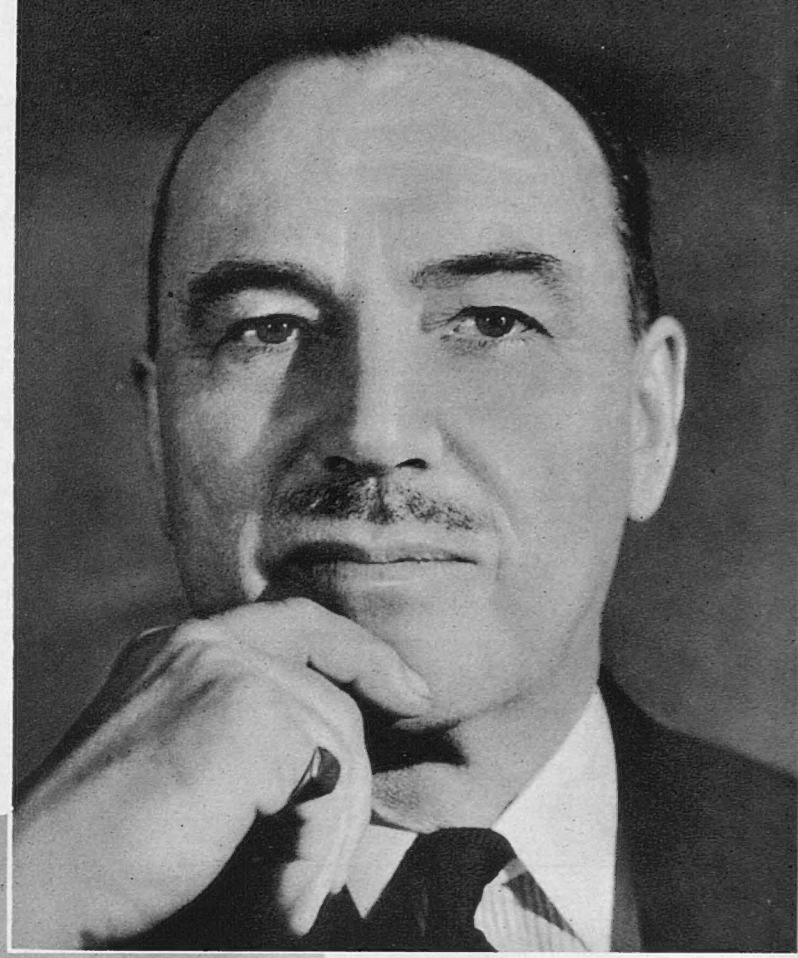
ONE of the new strangenesses of our lives in London nowadays is that you hardly ever meet a friend. The traditional time for talking to friends was always from six o'clock in the evening onwards. Nowadays, as six o'clock approaches, everyone is more intent upon getting into dressing-gown and pyjamas and preparing the evening meal in time to get down to the shelter before the first of the sirens begins the evening frolic. And also so many people have moved their houses either to some safer place in London or out into the country, that it is difficult to keep in touch. Nor does the General Post Office help one to keep in touch. No department of the Government, with, of course, the exception always of the War Office, has slowed up under the sirens to such an extent as the Post Office.

THERE is a lot of money to be made by anyone who starts a Central Bureau in London for the exchange of addresses between friends. People are moving about with such bewildering rapidity nowadays, as they are bombed from house to house, that it is almost impossible to keep in touch with one's friends. What is wanted is a central clearing office. There is, of course, always the danger that the clearing office itself might get a nasty hit. But that is a risk that would have to be taken—at any rate, by the organiser.

(*Concluded on page 4*)

Lord Lloyd—
Pillar of Empire

Lord Lloyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies since May, has spent most of his life as an Empire-builder in action. On his own account he has travelled very widely in the East, before he was thirty he had officially studied the British trade position in the Near East, during the last war he served in the same area, winning the D.S.O. and six mentions in despatches, and after the war he became Governor of Bombay for five years. In 1924-5 he was M.P. for Eastbourne, and then he set off again to be High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan. More recently he has devoted his time and energies to the British Council, of which he has been chairman since 1937. The permanent value of this much-criticised organisation's work was recognised two weeks ago when it was granted a Royal Charter. As an active propagandist, Lord Lloyd himself went on special missions last autumn to Spain and Yugoslavia, and he also published an excellent pamphlet, "The British Case," expounding our reasons for fighting the Nazis. In politics he has always been a High Tory, an uncompromising critic of appeasement, and a firm supporter of Mr. Churchill. His own special interests are the arts and aviation. He is a great lover of the theatre and the ballet, British ballet in particular having received his enthusiastic support in the last few years. When he became honorary commander of a fighter squadron he disliked being a "ground leader," passed all the severe R.A.F. tests, and "took his wings" at the age of fifty-eight. He has one son who is in the Coldstream Guards



Photographs by Anthony

Passing Hour

(Continued from page 2)

AT last there is to be a nation-wide survey for scrap-metal. So the day surely is coming nearer when the railings round the London squares will at last, for the first time in their history, be of service to the nation. There was a slight commotion the other day in Berkeley Square in which a section of the railings round the garden were flattened down. So far as I have heard, the dreadful children from the slums have not yet invaded the beautiful gardens, nor has any villainous flower thief stolen the only Michaelmas daisy, grimy, soot-stained, and neglected, which adorned the demesne.

THE theatres have been thoroughly bounced out of London. The Criterion stuck it longest because they were deepest underground. But now even the Criterion have had to go. The only theatre left now is the Arts, in Leicester Square, which is running a ballet every day at lunch-time, and the Windmill, which opens its doors at mid-day for the 137th edition of its non-stop revue.

AS usual, the Provinces score when the West End is bombed. Almost all the big successes of the summer months in London are now out in the Provinces and are certain of drawing crowded houses. Some of the provincial cities not a hundred miles from London are packed with people who have no particular work to do in London, and who felt that they would be as well outside, among them thousands of playgoers.

I went down to Oxford last week for a couple of days and found the town a bustling and humming hive of activity. The house agents have got placards in their windows: "No houses or flats to let"; the hotels are packed; it is almost impossible to walk along the streets because of the crowds; and Mr. Ronald Frankau was drawing crowds to see him in Vic Oliver's part in *Black Velvet*.

IT appears that there is a gold-mining company called "The Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines Company, Limited." This company decided a little time ago to transfer its domicile to Australia, where its mine is situated. This transfer would avoid double taxation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote a letter to Mr. Claude de Bernales, the chairman and managing director of the company, asking that this transfer should not be made, as it was against the interests of the nation. A meeting of the company was held at which Mr. de Bernales announced that the company would be transferred to Australia. He also added that the directors would share £20,000 between them. In the official report of the meeting, the reply of Mr. de Bernales to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was quoted. The Chancellor's letter was not.

IN these stressful days, the police have got the right to make an entry into the houses of people who are suspected of subversive activity and may seize literature which they think is harmful to the State. In theory this is all right. But in practice it shows up the gendarmerie rather sadly. In spite of the Cops' College the Constabulary still find it difficult to read and write. The other day a triumphant member of a sheriff's posse grabbed a book by John Stuart Mill, and took it off in triumph to the Bastille. Poor Mr. Mill. The worst that he ever did is summed up perfectly by E. C. Bentley in the immortal poem:

> "John Stuart Mill
> By a mighty effort of will
> Overcame his natural bonhomie
> And wrote *Principles of Political Economy*."

RUMOURS are beginning to reach me of a taxi-racket. I am told that after the air-raid warning has sounded, some drivers will only accept a fare if they are promised an exorbitant fee. I must put it on record that, although I am so lazy that I practically live in taxis, I have not yet so far encountered the taxi-racketeer. On the contrary, I have not yet found a single taxi-driver who would not go on driving through the warning and who did not thank me politely for a sixpenny or a ninepenny tip. But if there are black sheep they can be very easily dealt with. The faintest lifting of a little finger to the nearest policeman does the trick.

AN autobiography that is well worth reading is *More Than I Should*, by Mrs. Compton Mackenzie (Collins; 12*s*. 6*d*. net). To my mind the interesting point of the book is the way in which it brings out the astonishing industry of Mr. Mackenzie himself. Exhausted by the strain of the war and racked with sciatica, nevertheless he turned out novels with unfailing regularity, year after year, maintaining his standard all the time. About fifteen years ago it was fashionable to say that Mackenzie was finished. A fortnight ago, or thereabouts, he published the fourth of his *Winds of Love*, and the critics are confounded.

American "spotter" is James Seymour, a Harvard graduate and a member of the diplomatic staff of the U.S. Embassy. Appointed a "Jim Crow" by the American Ambassador, he watches for German bombers. Mr. Seymour (with telephone) is seen with two other Embassy spotters, Mr. Haines and Major McDonald (seated), Assistant Military Attaché and Chief of the Embassy's A.R.P.

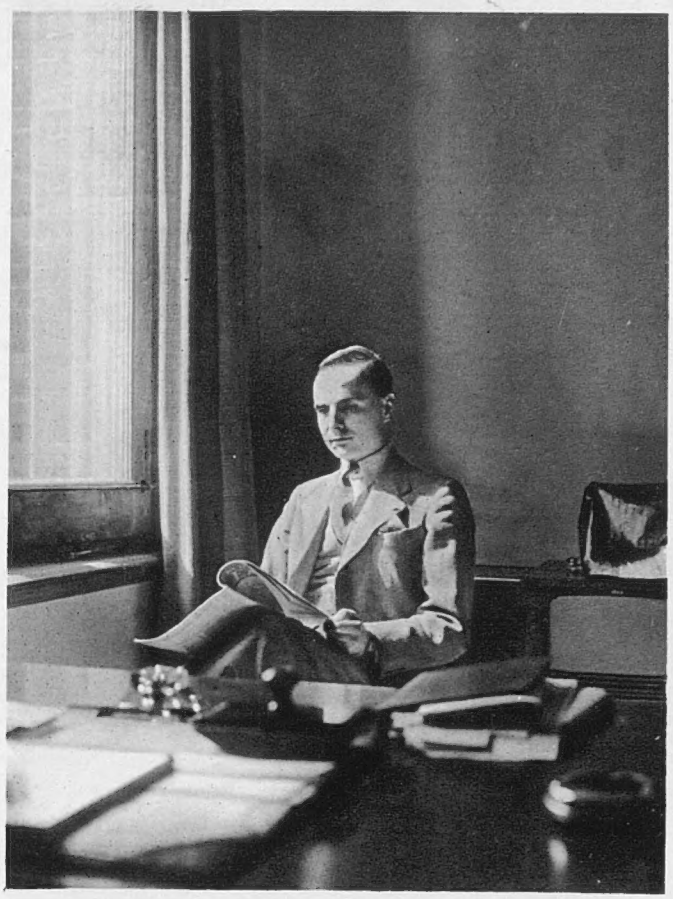
The "Bystander" Visits the

Peruvian Legation

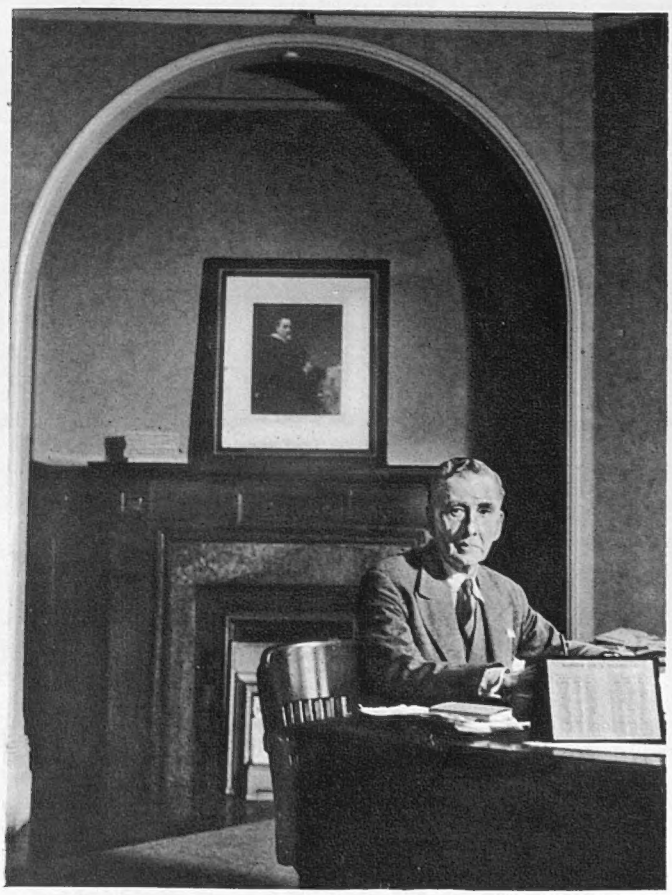
Which Has Also Been Visited by Bombs

PERU, land of the ancient Incas and of the towering Andes, over which runs the highest railway in the world, is represented in London by a distinguished diplomat who can claim precedence in years of service over all but four of the Diplomatic Corps in London. Señor Don Alfredo Benavides has been his country's Minister at the Court of St. James's since 1933. Before assuming this post he already had a notable career. He was Secretary to the Peruvian Embassy in Washington, where he spent several years, then went back to Peru to become head of the Diplomatic Department of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Before coming to London he was Consul at Le Havre, Bordeaux and Bremen. A keen sportsman, H.E. plays tennis and football. His father founded the principal tennis club in Lima, and he himself was president of the Jockey Club. He is also a member of the International Olympic Committee

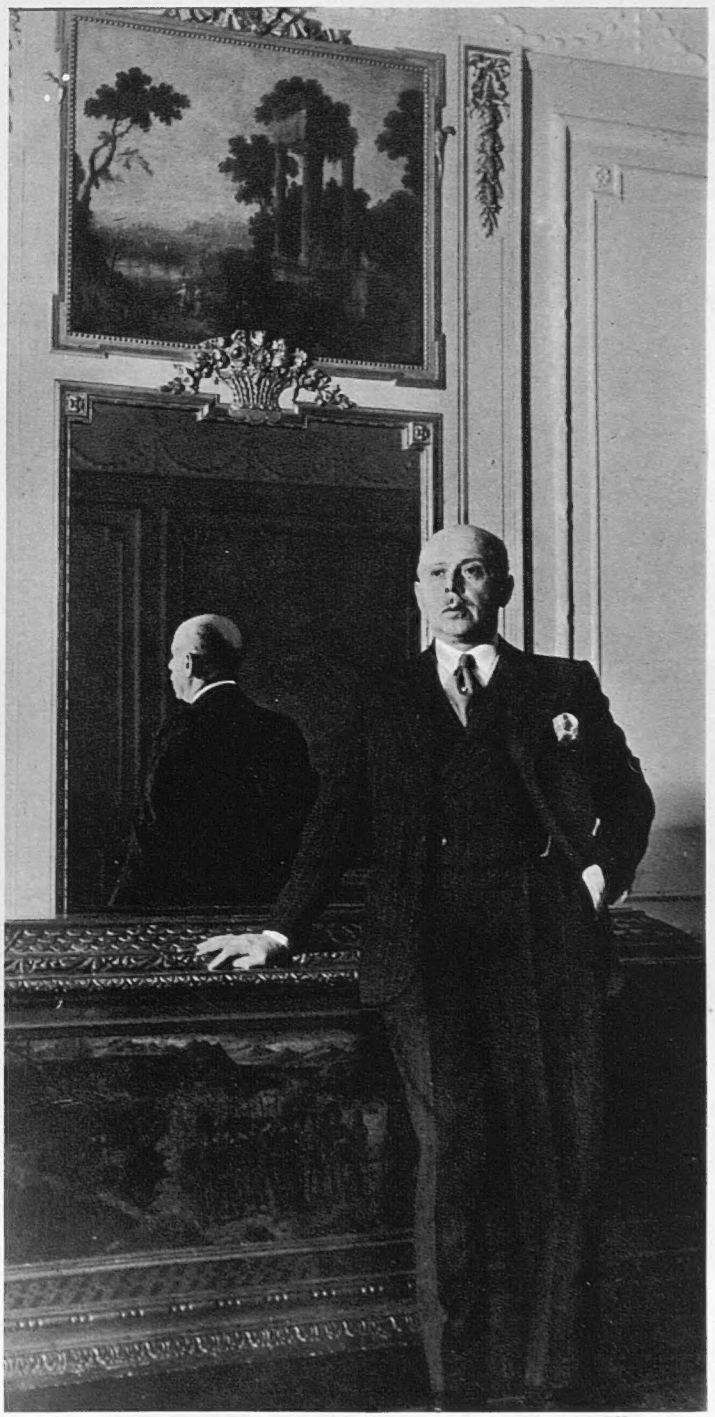
Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Señor Don Carlos A. Vasquez Ayllon is Secretary of the Legation at 59, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, where bombs fell two weeks ago. Eight incendiaries hit the roof and were promptly dealt with, but the top storeys were badly damaged



Señor Don C. A. Mackehenie is the Consul-General in London. His daughter, Josefina, recently married an Englishman, Second-Lieut. Michael Hawkin



H.E. Señor Don Alfredo Benavides, the Peruvian Minister

***Music** in London is now made publicly at the National Gallery and almost nowhere else. At a recent lunch-time concert there, Moiseiwitch and Arthur Catterall played piano and violin sonatas by Beethoven and Franck. Next evening, Moiseiwitch made his debut in variety, playing on the radio in C. B. Cochran's Saturday night show, "Cock-a-Doodle-Doo." Arthur Catterall used to be the first violin in the B.B.C. orchestra, now has a string orchestra of his own*

***Stage and screen** marriage that took place according to plan last month was Laurence Olivier's and Vivian Leigh's. They have been waiting for their respective divorces. Being in Hollywood they had to "elope," i.e., they went off to Santa Barbara one evening without telling their friends, and came back Mr. and Mrs. Olivier*

Music, Stage and Screen

***Stage** couple at lunch in a London restaurant were Captain "Bill" O'Bryen, M.C., and his wife, Elizabeth Allan. He belongs to a well-known firm of play-presenters and agents, is now in the Royal Artillery. Consolation for Miss Allan in having no matinees or evening performances to rush off to, was being able to spend a bit more time than usual with her husband during his leave*

***Screen** stir was caused by the Press describing as "movie publicity" Richard Greene's application to join the Seaforth Highlanders in Canada. Mr. Greene has signed on, taken his medical, and now awaits a 24-hour call for training as an officer. Because of this, he has had to withdraw from "Hudson's Bay Company," a new film in which he was to play a big part. With him is Virginia Field*

Lady Oxford With a Bride and Bridegroom

Lady Oxford and Asquith led her great-niece, Mary Rose Charteris, out of St. Peter's, Vere Street, after the latter's marriage to Sec.-Lieut. Roderic Miles Thesiger, Welsh Guards. Bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger, and Mrs. Reginald Astley, of the Milebrook, Bucknell, Shropshire. Bride is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, of 24, Oxford Square, W.1, and the late Hon. Mrs. Charteris, and a cousin of the Earl of Wemyss

Captain David Niven and His Bride

Captain David Niven and Primula Rollo, she wearing blue and carrying orchids, had a country wedding at Huish, in Wiltshire, with a reception at her parents' house, Cold Blow. She is the only daughter of Flight-Lieut. William and Lady Kathleen Rollo. He is the son of the late W. G. Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, joined the Rifle Brigade when he came back from Hollywood last autumn

Social Register

M.P. at a Wedding

Flight-Lieut. Robert Grant Ferris, M.P., was a guest at the Thesiger—Charteris wedding and left the church for the reception with Lady Mary Strickland, the bride's aunt. He has represented North St. Pancras since 1937, joined the A.A.F. seven years ago, leads a flight in a fighter squadron

M.P. at a Sussex Fête

Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., opened a fête at Ormonde Hall, Bolney, in aid of the Sussex Society for Polish Relief. With him in the group here are Edward Canning-Freeman (left), the artist and Chairman of the Society, Lady Leconfield, who is its President, and Prince Poniatowski. The Society recently sent its fourth donation of £100 to the Polish Relief Fund, for which John Gielgud and the Polish Ambassador broadcast an appeal last month

Tarakanova Is Now Ballerina

of a New Company

News of Tarakanova

Nina Tarakanova got back to London in the summer, after a dangerously exciting trip from the South of France in her husband's yacht. Now she has joined the Anglo-Polish ballet as ballerina. This company is an offspring of the newly-formed Anglo-Polish Art Corporation, for whom Tarakanova had already appeared at the recent Polish Festival in London. The new ballet company has Stanislas Idzikowsky and Czeleslaw Konarsky as ballet-masters and choregraphers, Konarsky as premier danseur, and a corps de ballet of thirty besides its soloists, many of whom are British. When London theatres can reopen, the company will make its debut with several new ballets and some revivals. Tarakanova was last seen dancing in London with the Massine-Blum Company in 1938, the year she created La Gantiére in *Gaieté Parisienne* and also got married. When Massine took his dancers to America for their winter tour, she stayed over here with her husband. In the South of France this year she had been giving dance recitals on her own

In Private Life She Is Mrs. Gray Shaw, Lives in Maida Vale

Photographs by Anthony

"Soirée Musicale" at a Lunch-Time Ballet Performance

"Soirée Musicale" is one of the works in the repertoire of the combined Ballet Rambert and London Ballet, who are now giving lunch-time performances at the Arts Theatre. It was composed by Anthony Tudor two years ago, to Rossini music arranged by Benjamin Britten, and with costumes by Hugh Stevenson. In the centre is Peggy van Praagh, a leading dancer and a deputy director of the joint company; behind her is Frank Staff, and to the left is Charlotte Bidmead, both of whom have ballets in the repertoire; on the right is Sally Gilmour

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Lunch Ballet (Arts Theatre Club)

AMONG the discoveries of this war, not the least interesting from the point of view of the theatrical manager is the lunch hour. Miss Myra Hess led the way with her National Gallery Concerts, which have been for many an oasis of culture in a waste of vulgarity. Very good sandwiches at a reasonable price and very fine music at a shilling a time have proved such a boon to the starved that if Miss Hess is not made a Dame, the Honours List might as well be abolished altogether. And now, in the wake of Lunch-time Concerts has come Lunch-time Ballet at the Arts Theatre Club, where they have been giving ballet for months at other hours without exactly packing the place. But at one o'clock the public, snack in hand, is turning up in force, avid for an hour of civilisation in this raid-ridden world.

ON the afternoon of my attendance there were two ballets presented by the combined Ballet Rambert and London Ballet—the first, *Love-in-Idleness*, a trifle of small account, but the second, *Czernyana*, a delicious series of semi-satirical exercises in which Mr. Frank Staff, whom we already knew to be a first-rate dancer, proves himself also a first-rate choreographist. *Czernyana*, danced to music by Czerny, is really a kind of ballet revue, kaleidoscoping all the types of ballet dancing we have seen and enjoyed since the war, with naughty hits at mass strivings such as we were given in *Les Présages*, and cellophane modernisms such as we were given in *Le Chat*, but here and there, too, poetic passages of real beauty. It is all very swift and subtle—more, perhaps, for the educated balletomane than the enthusiastic tyro. If so, the audience must have been composed of educated balletomanes, for it missed none of the points. I was particularly impressed by the comedic gifts of Miss Sally Gilmour, who, looking a little like Miss Elsa Lanchester, may well take her place one day as the Beatrice Lillie of ballet. If there is a future for what is delightful, original and a little queer on the stage, then there is a future for Miss Gilmour. Once again Madame Rambert, who has discovered and trained so many of our finest dancers, is to be congratulated.

FROM Lunch-time Concerts and Lunch-time Ballet one comes away with a most heartening feeling that, however adverse circumstances may be, the impulse behind the best in art is too strong and too detached ever to be suppressed. One is reminded, too, that the quality of art is not dependent on finance. Whatever the future, however serious the obstacles to be overcome, a way, it is certain, will be found by those who really care. Managers who go into the theatrical business with the object of making a fortune may have good cause to deplore the times to come. But there are others, and those others will endure, for the simple reason that they are game to endure anything in the cause they have at heart.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT challenge from the Black Eagle of Harlem (N.Y.), Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, to his fellow-airman, Marshal Goering, inviting him to fight a duel at 10,000 feet above the English Channel, has been ignored, unfortunately for the hopes of the Comic Muse. Not that the Fat Boy lacks courage—he was after all a pretty tough successor to Richthofen in the last war—but presumably it is beneath his Nordic dignity to fight duels with gentlemen of colour, whom his great Leader compares in *Mein Kampf* to apes. The last historic challenge of this kind was probably stout little swearing redfaced George II.'s to Louis XV., about the time of the Battle of Dettingen. This duel also never came off, and for the same social reason, so far as we vaguely remember, the Bien-Aimé disdaining to cross rapiers with a kingling of Hanover in much the same spirit as that of Slogger Macaulay when the Slogger contemptuously remarked that few gentlemen would stoop to fight a writer on the *Morning Post*. From which latter remark it is clear that even when duelling was nearly obsolete in England the old exclusiveness still attached to it, and we Fleet Street boys were distinctly beyond the pale.

To-day hot and ramping colonels descending on the Street of Adventure to punish some Social Editor or gossip-boy who has been indiscreet in print about their daughters, have given up carrying even the old-time horsewhip, one of the boys tells us, and depend merely on verbal insult and threats of the Law. And if duelling were revived, the only untitled representative of our great craft ever likely to be called out in an affair of honour ("Cock Pheasant at Weybridge, six o'clock i' the mornin'!"), would probably be the Editor of *Debrett*—a mortifying thought. Yet in France up to the beginning of the present war, duelling was an integral part of journalism, like final notices, and leaders of the profession like Léon Daudet were regularly stamping and fighting. French booksy boys have always been notable duellists also, even invalids like Proust, and even playwrights like Henri Bernstein have preferred meeting their critics with a pistol on the field. In a way one could almost regret our milder Island way of settling these matters by hiring lawyers to moan and bark. A bit of judicious bloodletting at intervals would do some of our more uppish booksy boys a world of good, and we don't mean Shakespeare.

Call

PARLIAMENT, as Mr. Shinwell, M.P., reminded his fellow-members in a recent speech, must also "stay put" in an emergency, and we personally hope to see those boys set a big example to the nation they are so fond of lecturing. The same applies to other national institutions like the Athenæum and the *Times*, of which latter sacred joint or dump we trust the venerable inmates will sell their lives dearly, taking care not to let their whiskers get entangled with their musket-bolts. By so doing Auntie's minions can make Printing House Square worthy to rank in future history-books with Thermopylæ and Verdun, and except that their costume is not so picturesque, they may even be immortalised some day in paint, like that glorious handful of the Swiss Guard who fought and died every man in the sack of Rome. Speaking for ourselves (again), we shall man the barricades in better heart if we know the *Times* boys are themselves carrying out those aspirations, exhortations and instructions they dish out, si nous osons nous exprimer ainsi, with such regularity on the Leader Page. Aged but determined pans (we shall remind ourself as the rough stuff starts) will be lining the Grand Staircase, each shaky but unconquerable finger steadfast on the trigger. Bayonets will glitter in the courtyard, Cries of ferocity in the classical languages and also in choice Balliol English will strike

"Stirrup-cup, Sir?"

"Now may I have those letters back?"

dismay into the advancing Prussian horde. And what of Zizette, the *Times* vivandière? We think we see her now, tripping daintily to and fro amid the defenders with her tiny barrel of cognac, tossing her curls, winning here a benevolent smile, there a mild reproof, or maybe (from some very old gentleman) a chuck under the chin. Ah, Zizette! Thy big gay laughing eyes will shed many a bitter tear this day, child—and hist! there is one who loves thee dearly, little one. 'Tis true! A cuirassier in the Advertisement Department. Him yonder with the dashing gait, the mocking smile, the devil-may-care allure. Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, zut! Vive l'Amour! Vive la Guerre! Vive le Temps! Vive le Général Astor! Demandez aux garçons dans la pièce de derrière ce qu'ils veulent prendre! Boum! Voilà!

Forget this lush romanticism, so foreign to our sober nature. There 's something Ouidäesque about Printing House Square which often gets us by the throat. Pacing thence softly towards Pall Mall we come to the Athenæum, the western bastion of our Island Culture, a veritable Bastille. Fierce faces glare from every window, a-bristle with pikes and musketoons. A bishop swings his mace. Evidently the inmates will never be taken alive, even those at present so certified.

Inhibition

FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE to the bad at this moment is poor Mr. Charles Graves, our comrade in arms, who went out and bought a Home Guard tie as advertised, bearing a considerable resemblance to that of Eton Ramblers, and was then informed by his Company Commander that the H.G. tie designed by a brigadier of the London Area has been cancelled, and is no longer official. However, it might easily have been a blazer, bearing a considerable resemblance to that of Repton Wanderers, and designed by an admiral of the Blue, which would have set our unfortunate fellow-lansquenet back at least thirty bob. Or even worse, Heaven forbid, it might have been one of those Home Guard ties all over natty little bulldogs and home-fires and cock-grouse which the aunties were eagerly advocating in the Press, and we poor devils of bashibazouks might have been

ordered by the Government to wear it, causing Mr. Graves and thousands of other sensitives to die of misery without striking a single blow for Democracy. (Quite possibly that was the idea, and the aunties were all on Goebbels's payroll.) Well, the tie menace has blown over for the time being, but it may quite likely blow up again, the Race being what it is.

We once asked a Harley Street psychologist about this native tie-mania. He said it was a case of recessive narcissism, the Race being under the fixed impression that its pans are of unearthly beauty and every one piquantly different from the next. Startled despite itself by this eerie Renaissance spectacle, the Race tries as far as possible to offset and minimise it by regimentation, neutralising and incorporation—hence the school, club, looneybin, and other ties with which Great Britain is plastered—being afraid (this psychologist alleged) that it will otherwise be jealously turned by Juno into a cow, in the ancient manner. "In a way," he added, "this tie-mania is also an attempt to propitiate the Furies, of whom the Race is scared. Compare the Bush custom of disfigurement by facial tattooing. Frazer forgot to include the tie-fetish in *The Golden Bough*, just as he forgot the weird pre-marriage tribal rites and ceremonies attending the union of a virgin of Belgravia with a member of the M.C.C."

Doom

LARYNGITIS has seized Mr. Wendell Willkie, Republican candidate for the Presidency, on the train for Kansas and his voice has sunk to a husky whisper, which is a great warning against talking too much. Strong silent men who gabble all day long are often thus punished by Heaven for their hubris, and we personally derive comfort from the fact that much worse sanctions than laryngitis await Hitler, whose voice has wreaked so much damage on the world. Nevertheless laryngitis is a fearful scourge to the profession, and every successful demagogue, like every prima donna, sweats blood at the thought of it. That the terrific, sometimes dæmonic power exercised by the human larynx should be so utterly at the mercy of a tiny chance bacillus is a majestic theme for a great poet, and should be dealt with in Latin, that foundational tongue; for almost every revolution in man's history has been carried out far more by huge brassy thundering voices than by steel and powder. Consider, for example, the great Danton, whose voice, when fighting at last for his life, could be heard, they say, from the open tribunal windows right over on the right bank of the Seine. All the giants of the Revolution roared and bellowed gloriously except, curiously enough, Robespierre, whose priggish legal delivery must have been a sinister cold douche after the noise had subsided, and equally as powerful, by comparison. For volume, though a great deal, is not everything. Technique counts. Great tribunes like Demosthenes or Cicero or the late Mr. Bottomley or the late Monsieur Briand do not strain the fortissimo all the time. The tremolo is a certain cinch, especially in Wales, where, combined skilfully with a rising moan or howl called *hwyl*, it can have an audience singing hymns and gashing itself with knives like the priests of Baal within five minutes, as is well known. Other well-known infallible tricks are the rhythmic, half-way pause, the repetition, the "dying fall," and the right use of the Aposiopesis, or significant break-off.

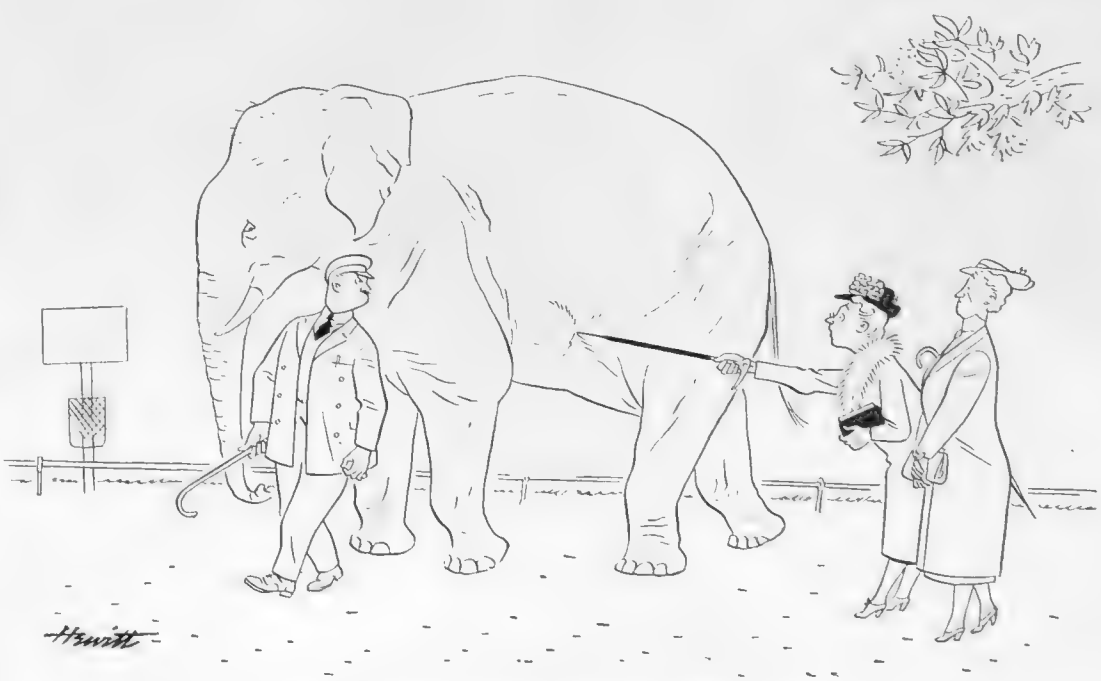
But all these are vain in a demagogue without a never-failing supply of breath, a tireless fluency, a front of triple brass, and an amused, abysmal contempt for the audience. A well-known after-dinner orator once told us he never rose smilingly to his feet without murmuring to himself "You bloody fools!" amid the applause; this, he said, was like the tuning of an orchestra, and enabled him to glide smoothly into a mellow symphony. Nobody has more kindly sympathy for the awkward, sincere, burning, stammering speaker, hampered and tripped up by the intensity of his conviction, than a maestro of this kind. But in cases where conviction and technique are one, the failure of the larynx is a terrible thing. The orator is condemned for a time to a Trappist silence and left alone with his immortal soul, an appalling situation for any politician, we believe, and especially for Mr. —— (name deleted by Censor), who at the time of writing is still hale and hearty and making enough noise for six.

Cherryblossom

REPORTS that the Japanese are using geisha girls as spies in French Indo-China will surprise nobody but the Gilbert-and-Sullivan underworld, the gooseberry-eyed inhabitants of which have so many reasons for their fixed belief that all geishas come from Kensington. The odd thing is, an Eastern traveller tells us, that there is actually an air of Queen's Gate or Campden Hill about the high-class professional geisha, whose duty it is to be charming, elegant, and exquisitely polite, to titter sincerely but discreetly at every amusing thing said by the guest she faces and attends, to keep the bowls filled with that *saké* which looks like Manzanilla but tastes like petrol, to sing or recite with extreme virtuosity when requested, and generally to entertain and wait upon the gentlemen with well-bred poise and empressement. The duties at a dinner-party of some rose of South Kensington are not very dissimilar, except that the mistress of an exclusive Japanese teahouse is generally (this traveller said) less ruthless than a Kensington Mamma. At the same time, he added, to go further and believe that a geisha is anything remotely like those refined little sweethearts you see mincing round in *The Mikado* or *The Geisha* would betray a plumb B-minus or Wandsworth intelligence; there must be reason in all things. The geisha naturally occupies a key-position in that vast network of spying which covers Japan, being as valuable as the tavern-maids of London were to Cecil's Ogpu during the glorious reign of Good Queen Bess.

However, being betrayed to the Japanese secret police by a geisha cannot be entirely unpleasant; the prevailing smiles, the courteous bowings, the gentle twitterings, the regretful recitals of brief passages from the classics, the ceremonial tea, the absence of any crude Occidental bustling, thumps, or pushings round, cannot lack a certain charm, objectively viewed. The Oriental does these things better than we. There is a charming story of a mediæval Chinese general, cashiered and imprisoned for inefficiency, sitting cross-legged on his cell floor, smilingly tracing in the air with his forefinger for hours on end the words "Oh, oh! Strange business!" Compare the undignified fumings and bellowings of Western brasshats in trouble, their swelling veins, their wearying clamour—we 've heard one—about conspiracy and injustice, the monstrous things they allege, the books they sometimes write.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Well! *I always thought they were made of ivory*"

Films of the Day

An English Director Goes from Good to Better

By George Campbell

POETS have coined many an ecstatic phrase, but what so full of solid enjoyment as the prosaic "I told you so"? I won't pretend that when *Midshipman Easy* was made at Ealing by a tall, gentle-voiced young man with observant, reflective eyes I immediately prophesied a brilliant future for him. The test—an attempt to produce an eighteenth-century spectacle for the price of a quickish bedroom farce—was hardly a fair one. But at least the film had gleams. In *Talk of the Devil* the gleams became flashes of unmistakable talent; in *Bank Holiday* the scene was illumined by a floodlight of imagination and understanding of human nature new to English films; and since then things as different as the witty, fast-moving *A Girl Must Live*, that exciting lark *Night Train to Munich*, the poignant *Stars Look Down*, and now a melodrama of realism and tension, *The Girl in the News*, have made Carol Reed probably our most uniformly successful director, and certainly our most distinguished. And this goes for half a dozen of our celebrated would-to-Godders in Hollywood.

"THE GIRL IN THE NEWS" starts with the advantage of an excellent script by Sidney Gilliat; but sound writing is a quality that few directors recognise and fewer still know how to use. How skilfully, with a dozen lines and a glance at the grey, puffy face and sly, malignant eyes, writer and director establish the character of the woman about to die. How telling, too, is the camera's concentration on the black kitten that watches her painful progress towards the poison with bright, unwinking eyes, and then leaps joyously at the trailing dressing-gown as if ushering her to death. In two or three minutes a tragedy only incidental to the main plot has been built up convincingly and disposed of, and we are plunged into the murder proper—a drama of passion with a crippled husband standing between a dark, sultry woman who might have stepped out of the Cinquecento (Margaretta Scott), and the impassive, dandified butler (Emlyn Williams) whom she loves. The plot is plausible enough to send to the gallows a nurse already saved once by the skin of her teeth; and its unfolding is made immensely effective by restrained writing and direction. The speed with which the guilty parties collapse in the witness-box, under a not very devastating cross-examination, seemed to me the chief defect in an uncommonly realistic story. Margaret Lockwood plays the nurse with her usual pretty dignity; Barry K. Barnes is the briefless barrister whose flat is shared by a policeman (Roger Livesey); and Miss Scott's study of the guilty woman and Mr. Williams's manservant aping his betters could hardly be improved on.

A SOLDIERLY writer of my acquaintance used to write weekly articles for the Press, which he always called canine cameos, varied by an occasional excursion into other fields of natural history, one of which—a spirited account of a piscatorial rara avis, to quote his charming phrase—still lingers agreeably in memory. How the major would have enjoyed *God Gave Him a Dog*! So may you, if you have even a moderate interest in what he would have called dumb friends. A simple, extremely sentimental little story tells of a small boy who adopts a gun-dog rejected by the trainers as worthless, and how the naughty but sagacious creature—good heavens, it seems to be infectious!—is made into a prize-winner. The unknown cast includes an endearing little Nigger boy, who is said to have gone through the production without realising that he was acting for a film. This assumes that cameras, lights and directors in plus-fours are a normal part of the Dixie landscape, which I don't altogether believe.

YOU may recall Paula Wessely in *Episode*—a charming but unimportant trifle about a Cinderella violinist, and how a middle-aged man, infatuated but chivalrous, gives her an allowance disguised as a scholarship, and this causes dreadful trouble with his family and the violinist's young lover. Now they have re-made it in Hollywood, with the characteristic title *My Love Came Back*. I won't pretend that this is my favourite meat, but, thanks to humour and adroit direction and neat performances by Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn and Charles Winninger, it is a great deal better than I expected.

Close Shave

Tracy (Emlyn Williams), the butler in "The Girl in the News," indulges in two daily visits to the barber (Mervyn Johns). This fastidiousness ultimately proves his downfall. Carol Reed directed this new English film, reviewed above

Defence at Rest

Accused nurse, Anne Graham (Margaret Lockwood) is "The Girl in the News," and her champion is barrister Stephen Farringdon (Barry K. Barnes). They take time out from legal proceedings to fall in love. The film is an adaptation of a novel by Roy Vickers, and is now showing at the Empire

"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO," by contrast, is worse than I feared. Pago-Pago (pronounced, as I expect you know, to rhyme with Tango-Tango and not with Dago-Dago) is one of those island paradises where a god-like chief (Jon Hall) sports all day with the waves and the girls, and nobody bothers about the pearls that litter the sea-bed like golf-balls in the water hazards at Ranelagh.

Then the white men come—Victor McLaglen's tough guys, full of insatiable greed and hardly any ethics at all. What with murder and a battle in which the natives are picked off with repeating rifles and blown up with improvised bombs, the islanders soon find what it means to be uncivilised, and the island is by no means what it was. If you should still insist on seeing this, not to mention the tough blonde's gallant death, then that 's all right with me. You have been warned.

Lamour-less Isle

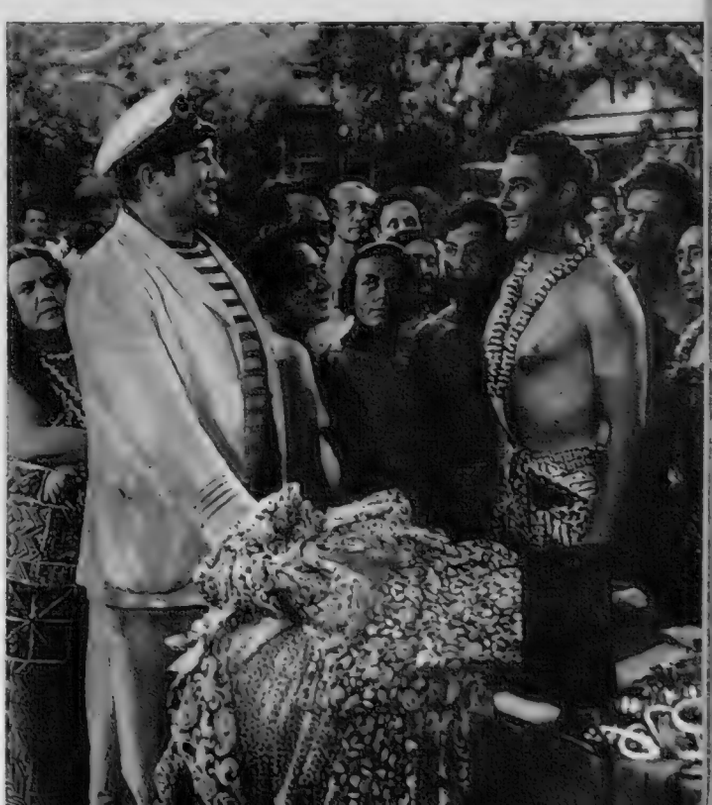
In "South of Pago-Pago"

Apparently there exists an isle in the South Pacific which Dorothy Lamour does not inhabit. Instead, but still with sarong, is a handsome native chief who is very happy with his girl until trouble in the form of a schooner full of whites and a disturbing adventuress drops anchor off-shore. The drama runs its course at the London Pavilion with Jon Hall, Frances Farmer and Victor McLaglen

"Young Kehane [Jon Hall] is devoting his attention to his romance with the worldy-wise Ruby [Frances Farmer]. Suddenly the wall of sophistication behind which Ruby has hidden her real self falls—she finds herself in love with Kehane, and she agrees to become his bride." This is the way the film company synopsises the tale; see below for two more scenes with appropriate blurb-tags. Also see opposite for Mr. George Campbell's critical reactions. We didn't choose these pictures because we thought this the week's best film but because nothing could be more different from real life in London than this absurd South Sea Island fantasy

"Little Malia [Olympe Bradna] sees her chance for revenge and starts to kill Ruby, but loses her nerve and drops the knife to the floor. But in that moment, Ruby understands everything she could not or did not want to understand before"

"Bribing them with trinkets, threatening them with violence, Larson [Victor McLaglen] finally gets together a crew of divers." And then—"Kehane puts a tabu on pearl-diving. Larson drags out lockers of cheap liquor and plies the natives with it until they are in a drunken frenzy"



" Ishmael," of which the plaster cast stands in Epstein's studio, has gone in bronze to America to be exhibited at the Educational Alliance, a school established by Epstein himself. Next to it is " Achmed," head of an Arab girl, and behind the sculptor is a study for an unfinished group

A new series of flower pictures were being arranged up on and against the walls, when the Blitz began

Sculptor at Work

Jacob Epstein in His Studio and at the Leicester Galleries

The sculptor stands between his portraits of Professor Dewey, the American sociologist, and Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia. On the right is " Rebecca "

A bust of Mrs. Marks

for exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, lined on London and the show had to be postponed

But for the air raids on London, there would now be an Epstein exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Not, however, one of those controversy-stirring shows of sculpture with which Epstein has disturbed the complacence of critics and publics from time to time during the last thirty-two years. That is to say, since his first big commissioned work, for the British Medical Association, " was attacked by newspapers, religious bodies, etc., was defended by the *Times*" (*Who's Who*). His new show was to be of the flower pictures he has painted during the summer at Epping Forest. It is about four years since his last flower painting exhibition, but examples of this type of work have been seen since then in mixed shows. After his peaceful country summer at the easel, the great sculptor came back to his Hyde Park Gate studio to begin another period of intense creative struggle. In his old working suit and tattered shapeless cap, Epstein now spends his day on a high platform chiselling out a new and tremendous " Ecce Homo "

Taking a summer holiday from sculpture, Epstein spent three months painting pictures of flowers from the garden of his cottage on the edge of Epping Forest. He was photographed with one of them while their hanging was being discussed at the Leicester Galleries

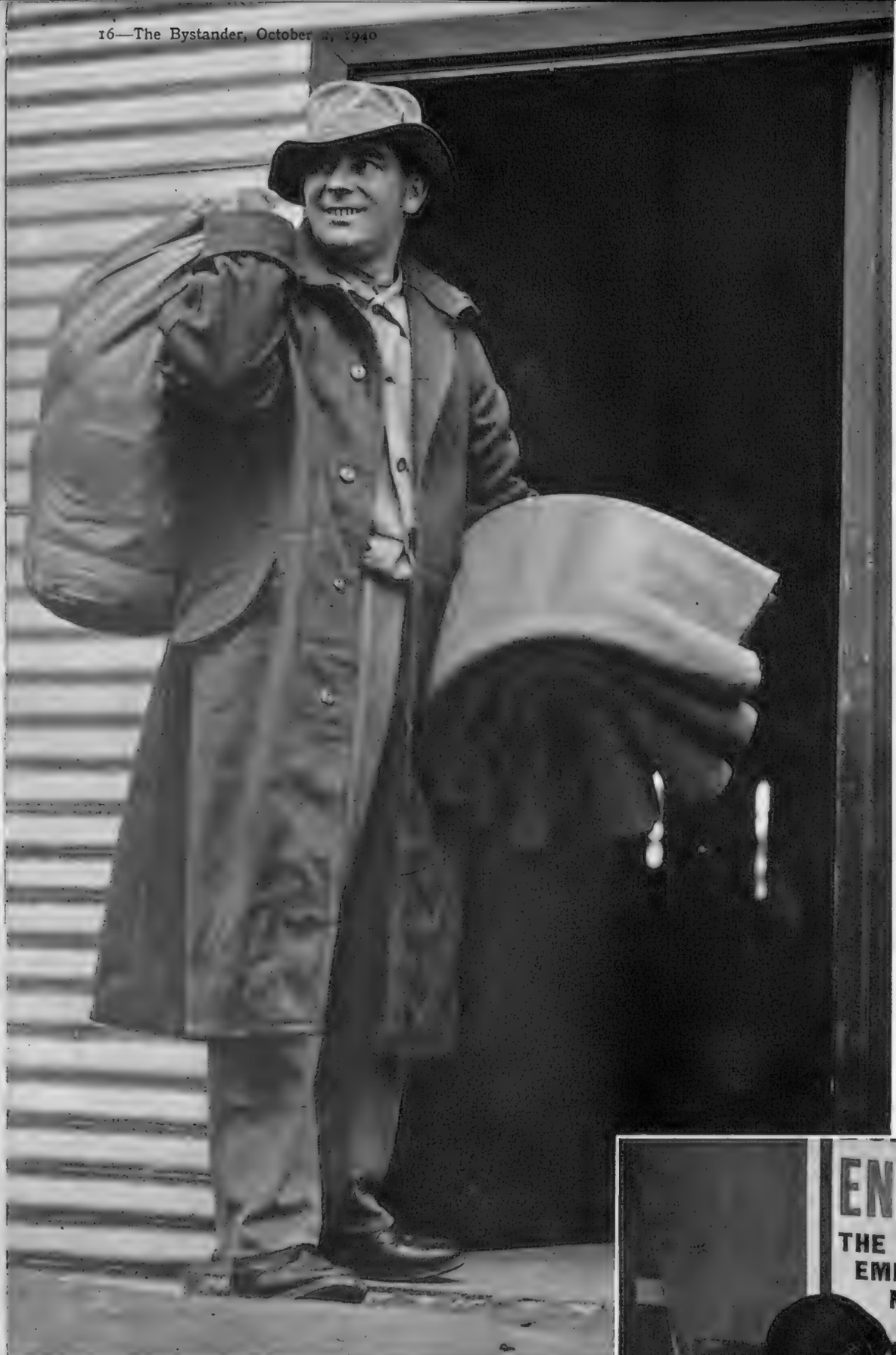
This lovely portrait of a baby is of Epstein's seven-months-old grandchild, Leda, and one of the finest examples of the sculptor's recent work

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Australia Under Arms

A Recruit Takes His Training Down Under

The great Commonwealth of the South Pacific, Australia, has pledged itself to stand together with the Mother Country against the threat to the Empire. "We are with you to the last," stated Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister, who had his vigorous war effort programme powerfully upheld in the recent elections. On the result of the elections, Mr. Menzies remarked that it could be regarded as a clear mandate to prosecute the war with utmost energy. In support of this pledge, Australia has raised an army of eight divisions, three of which are serving overseas. So great was the desire to enlist in the Australian Imperial Force, the Director-General of Recruiting had to ask the bureaux to discourage industrial and agricultural workers, as well as married men, and to concentrate on single males. Many "Aussies" are now in the United Kingdom, having travelled half-way round the world to defend the shores that represent the heart of the British Empire. Others, in the Near East, may soon find themselves the first to engage in a major campaign. Already, Australian units and crews have drawn enemy blood on sea and in the air. The cruiser Sydney attacked two Italian cruisers and sent one to the bottom, while the other made use of its publicised speed to escape. Members of the Royal Australian Air Force serving with the Coastal Command have destroyed German machines which attacked their big flying-boat. Under the Australian war effort, six R.A.A.F. squadrons will serve overseas, while at home a first-line strength of 10,400 pilots will be trained. Some of the men will receive their advanced instruction under the Empire Air Training scheme in Canada. On these pages, photographs show the making of a "Digger" on the day of his enlistment and after he has been fully trained under the hot Australasian sun and is ready for duty overseas.



Typical "Digger" *is Greg Grant, 32 and unmarried. Before enlisting he was a bar-tender in an Adelaide hotel. After being passed A1 by the medical officer, Greg was transferred 25 miles from Adelaide to Woodside, a training camp for the 8th Division of the A.I.F. He was issued with working kit and four warm blankets*

Enrolment *was rapid in Greg Grant's case. Having no ties, it only took a few minutes to enlist him for service with the Australian overseas divisions. "Aussies" are amongst the most highly-paid Empire troops. Prime Minister Menzies increased their pay. Most of them join for adventure*

Big, bronzed *and tough are the Australian troops. Greg Grant is now a soldier in the best Australian style. Born marksmen, the "Aussies" know how to handle a gun, but they have to be taught military commands and discipline. Commander of the 8th Division was Major-General V. A. H. Sturdee, now Chief of the Australian General Staff, in succession to General Brudenell White, who lost his life in an air disaster which also cost the Commonwealth the lives of three brilliant Ministers, J. V. Fairbairn, Brigadier G. A. Street and Sir Henry Gullet*

Clifford Stanton as Himself

"A telegram! It's from my son; I recognise his writing"
George Arliss, Baron Stoneybroke (one of Stanton's best impersonations), has a scapegoat son who causes him much displeasure

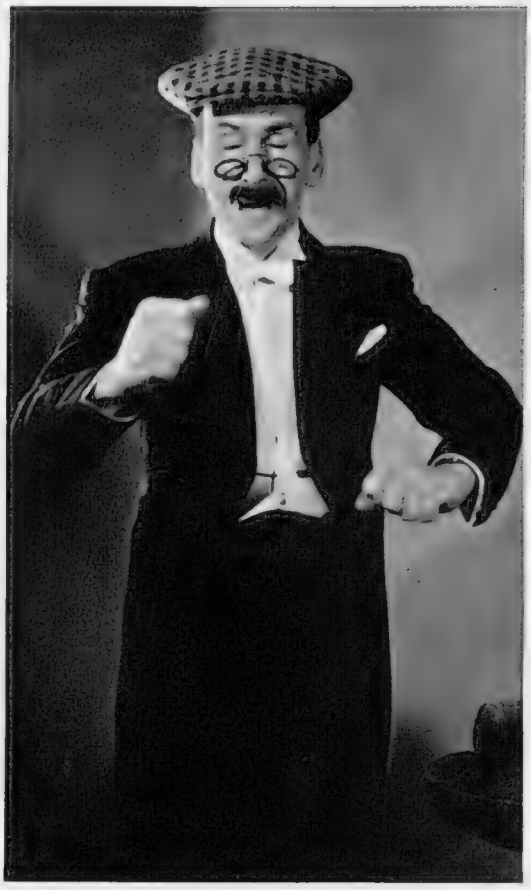
Baron Stoneybroke's "probable" son is discarded by father, so then he goes off to Africa to work like a nigger——

——But he soon comes back, and father finds a new and respectable career for him—in Parliament. He stands as a candid candidate

One-Man Pantomime

Clifford Stanton and the Cast of "The Probable Son"

Clifford Stanton started his stage career seven years ago, as a walk-on in *The Merchant of Venice* at the St. James's Theatre; was sacked on the first night. Nine months later he went into *The Merry Widow*; was sacked after two weeks. He next went into a musical comedy chorus; the show was sacked after two weeks. Discouraged but determined, young Stanton then fell in with Arthur Prince, the ventriloquist, and worked with him for a year and a half. Arthur Prince liked his assistant's imitations, and encouraged him to try them out in cabaret. Thus Clifford Stanton found his métier. That was four years ago and since then he has had engagements at the Piccadilly, Quaglino's, the May Fair, the Dorchester, Grosvenor House, and the Savoy, and also toured the Moss Empire Theatres. More recently he broke new ground at the Café de Paris, perhaps the most choosy restaurant in London about its cabaret acts. There he has put on his three-act pantomime, *The Probable Son*, and here on these pages are the leading members of its cast



"Here comes a stranger thro' the bush—Dr. Livingstone, I presume" (Cedric Hardwicke)

"No, cock, I'm Gordon Harker" (another character in "The Probable Son")

Photographs by Anthony

"Back to England I must go to show the world we're fighters" (says Charles "Captain Bligh" Laughton)

"I'm tired of playing human beings. I'm going to play a monkey" (front view of Mr. Laughton)

And finally Lionel Barrymore, cast for the part of faithful butler in Baron Stoneybroke's household

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"You have been listening to a dramatization of the San Francisco Earthquake, by Cyril Fothergill, in which the following artists took part . . ."

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Dining-Room's Marmalade

By V. S. Pritchett

THE last war is becoming a real trouble to writers of autobiography; it turns up like a tedious middle-aged relation who has not yet learned the art of growing querulously or gracefully old. It is dated without yet being historic and, until that time comes, it is dangerous to ask "*Où sont les* company sergeant-majors *d'antan?*" Periods, in fact, have to wait for their cue, and justifiable reminiscence has really only just reached the Edwardians. For me, therefore, the interest of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's *Calico Pie* (Michael Joseph; 10*s.* 6*d.*) ends with the spirited, extravagant and awful comedy of life in his childhood and early manhood in Edwardian Wales.

I say "awful." Mr. Vulliamy goes further: "the Edwardian age, like the Regency, had its own definite character; a character that was almost invariably hollow, synthetic, ridiculous and ignoble." He adds: "Licentious, humourless, insipid, hypocritical." Our own time has its blatant sins, but I find that when one or two Edwardians get together, it is to argue sometimes with nostalgia, but usually with horror, about the shallow and constraining tedium of Edwardian life. A glimpse of those shallows can be had in the outraged cry of a relation of Mr. Vulliamy's: "The kitchen is eating the dining-room's marmalade!"

The period gave birth to a new generation with a wicked sense of the ridiculous. Mr. Vulliamy, brought up idly and, one gathers, incompetently in the at once remote and genteel atmosphere of a Welsh country family, soon developed an eye for caricature. The family had professional connections and had some urbanity of outlook. Though tepidly engaged in parties to which amateur singers "brought their own music" and were supported by reckless spirits who said they "could read at sight," the Vulliamys could glance with the irony of the educated at the uninstructed bellowings of the squire, Lord Thunderstone, or the political dictatorship of the vicar. The village of Llangwisgog was one of those picturesque blots in the Welsh countryside, which was still in the grip of the squire and the vicar. The Rev. Quoosipat—Mr. Vulliamy's names give a wild Rowlandson outline to his people—was a remarkable bully, a wonder of insensibility and right-minded politics. At a cottage, where a family had been recently bereaved, he would bawl through the open door as he passed, "Peaceful end?"

Mr. Vulliamy's picture has many fantastic touches like these, but he is mature and tolerant, and he is a pleasing writer. He is especially good about the manners of society and the shames of youth; his early love-affairs have the proper blend of the bumptious, the timid and the silly, and his candour makes them real. The family row about the evening on the punt at Oxford, the flirtatiousness of married ladies at Aberstroddy, the seaside resort; later his life in Cornwall, where he went among the artists—compare all this with Bernard Shaw's forgotten novel, *Love Among the Artists*, and one sees how faithfully Mr. Vulliamy has caught the gentility and rebellions of the time.

CHARLES WATERTON, the author of that amusing and original book of early nineteenth-century travel, *The Wanderings in South America*, was one of our pleasanter eccentrics. He was neither malign nor mad, like Mytton and others who appear with him in Miss Edith Sitwell's *The English Eccentrics*. A Catholic country gentleman whose family had been kept off the conventional course by political ostracism, Waterton was one of those inventive men who delight in doing exactly what comes into their head and allow no one else to check their impulses. His life has now been written by Philip Gosse under the title *The Squire of Walton Hall* (Cassell; 15*s.*). In Demerara he astonished the colonists first by not drinking, then by his bare-foot expeditions into the swamps and jungle. He kept a sloth in his study, brought home a boa on a stick and rode on the back of a crocodile. He collected Indian poisons for the cure of hydrophobia. An original amateur with a great scorn for official science, he devised his own methods of stuffing animals. There was a good deal of the imp in him. One of his stuffed apes, known as the Nondescript and alleged to be an unknown species of man-ape, caused anger and laughter when he brought it back to London. Sydney Smith said it was clearly the head of a well-known Master in Chancery.

Pearl Freeman

Bridget Chetwynd

Has this year published her second novel, and has a third one, "Crown of Stars," coming out in January. She is the wife of Randolph Chetwynd, cousin of Viscount Chetwynd, and has two young sons, Rupert and Tom, was Bridget Walsh before her marriage. She contributes a weekly article, "Social Round-about," to the "Tatler"

Waterton used to satirise the figures of the Reformation by making composite animals, mixtures of bittern, toad and owl, to represent them. Queen Elizabeth was represented by a distorted lizard. When his famous travels in Guiana were over and he settled on the island house at Walton, Waterton seemed very odd to his neighbours. He always wore a blue coat with brass buttons and check waistcoat, and had some patent system of coating his top hat and clothes with corrosive sublimate, which ruined the clothes but kept out the weather. At home and in hotels he slept on the floor with his head on a block of wood and his body wrapped in an Italian cloak. Except rats, which he detested and which he abolished from Walton by introducing a terrifying tiger cat from the tropics, all birds and animals were welcome at Walton. It became a bird sanctuary, and at the age of eighty-three the agile old man with cropped white hair might be seen climbing to the top of a tall elm on some bird-nesting expedition, or sitting up there reading his Horace. Waterton raged when anyone called him eccentric; he was simply a man to whom it never occurred not to follow his own fancies. With his piety, his industrious fads, his practical jokes, he is one of the saints of originality; and Mr. Philip Gosse's *Life* is very welcome.

MANY of us have general reasons for detesting what Nazi-ism means and what it threatens to our way of living, without being properly specific about its particular kinds of obnoxiousness. A series of pamphlets published by Macmillan at 3*d.* usefully and expertly make the particular cases clear. Father Ronald Knox describes the course which the persecution of Catholics has taken; the Dean of Chichester shows how the Nazis used the sectarian differences of the Protestant churches in order to establish an official paganism; Mr. J. R. Clynes answers the pseudo-socialist propaganda of Lord Haw-Haw with an account of the revolution which has taken place in the conditions of English working-class life; Mr. A. A. Milne explains how Hitler made him cease to be a pacifist; Mr. A. P. Herbert, in his platform manner, argues the part the English Parliament and Press play in preserving liberties Hitler would remove. To me the most interesting was Mr. E. M. Forster's *Nordic Twilight*, which is both a good brief analysis of the Nazi fallacy in art, science and literature and an intelligent plea for freedom and personality:

"The Nazis want all people to have that terrifying empty look. They hate the life of the spirit and all the disinterested activities which prove that the spirit is at work and enjoying itself. They would not admit this and some of their culture theories are most elevating on paper and constantly refer to the soul. Viewing them from outside Germany, we know better, and if we in England start belittling literature and art as some of our leaders are doing, and sneering at the intangible, we shall be playing their game."

NOVELS recommended:
Time's Harvest. By Dorothy Charques. (Hamish Hamilton; 9*s.*) *Bewildering Cares*. By Winifred Peck. (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*) *Central Stores*. By Vicki Baum. (Bles; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Bystander" Short Story

Black-out

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustration by Tony Weare

It was a dark night, and it had been a merry one for Charles. Not even a black-out can destroy the warmth of friends' hospitality when they are celebrating one 's own heroism.

Charles was being called up next day, and his friends in the general office had taken him out to drink his health.

"You 're not like young Stevens," they said. "Conchie."

"Not me," said Charles.

"You 're what they call a ruddy fine young type of Briton." That was later.

"Now we 'll all have one more for the road. What 's that? One more now, just one—and to hell with Hit. and Muss. and Gobbles. . . . 'For he 's a jolly good——'."

"Sorry, genelmun, but the Guv'nor says you 're making too much row."

So Charles found himself alone in the dark, somewhere near his bus stop, still a hero and still heroically resisting the conviction that he might be getting tighter than he knew he was already. He began to feel cold, and then he realised he was getting wet. It was raining.

He was quite close to the bus stop when the air-raid warning went. The wail went on and on, and even a hero's heart can miss a beat when the modern mechanical banshee does her stuff. He broke into an uncertain run. Just as he got to the stop there was an unholy bang.

Right opposite the stop, he remembered, was an air-raid shelter. He flopped into it. He gulped and gasped and touched something that moved. Then he remembered his torch and turned it on.

It was only a girl—pretty and dark, with big dark eyes.

"Hi!" said the girl. "What do you think you 're doing?"

Charles sat down on the austere bench and breathed hard. "Air raid," he said.

The girl laughed. "Take it easy," she said.

Charles felt as if the shelter was rocking, but he remembered he was practically a soldier. "You come further inside, or they 'll get you."

"You 're a bit tight, aren't you?"

"You 're a cool one," said Charles. "Well, that 's what we 've all got to be—cool and collected. It 's your courage, your something or other—*hup!*—pardon me." He breathed heavily and closed his eyes.

"That 's better," said the girl. "You just lay back and take it easy and you 'll be all right. Want a bus? Where to? I said 'Where to?'"

She took out her own torch and turned it on him. Quite a personable and gentlemanly young clerk was Charles—good-looking, if you get what I mean. What they call respectable and all that. Probably living at home or in good lodgings. He seemed to be asleep. It was very quiet by that time. Then a bus rolled up. Someone got out and walked away. The girl ignored the bus—just sat down and looked at him. "Just another kid," she said.

For quite a time she sat there (Charles slept quietly), and then she looked out. The rain had stopped. There was nobody about. With instinctive precision she powdered her nose and took out her lipstick. Then she sat down again and another bus came and went. Then she prodded him.

"Hey, soldier!" she said.

Charles roused himself. He could not have been as tight as he feared, because he remembered at once he was in an air-raid shelter in the middle of the night (it must have been quite eleven o'clock), and he had to wait till the "All clear."

"What 's happened?"

"You 're a bit tight. I said that about half an hour ago. I expect you 've missed your last bus. Where do you want to go?"

"Sydenham. But they don't run buses in an air raid."

"Who said there was an air raid?"

"Who said——? But I heard it; so did you."

"Pooey! Air raid my foot!"

"Then what are you doing in here?"

"Just keeping out of the rain and keeping an eye on you. Do you know where you 'd be if I left you here? Some cop would take you off. That 'd be a fine story to tell mother, I don't think! And what would the boss say in the morning?"

Charles sat up. "I heard it, I tell you."

"I 'll tell you what you heard—a lorry going up the hill and changing gear, and then a back-fire. But you were a bit tight. Feel better now?"

"I feel a bloody fool."

"Well, that 's something," said the girl. "Got a gasper? We 've both missed the last bus now for a cert. Got a match?"

Charles considered she wasn't so very pretty, after all, in spite of her big dark eyes. He began to feel a lot more sober and a lot more foolish. But she kept those big dark eyes on him and he told her what he 'd been celebrating.

"So," she said, "you 're going to be a soldier, are you? I used to know a soldier once, but he got himself killed—they told me to-day—so I sort of lost interest in my job."

Charles shuffled uncomfortably and became almost entirely sober. "That 's tough luck," he said. There was a pause.

"How are you going to get home?"

"I—get home?" She laughed. "I don't feel much like going home just now. I thought I 'd sit here a bit and then sit somewhere else a bit and then in the morning I 'd have made up my mind. Got a girl—a regular girl of your own?"

Charles remembered uncomfortably that he hadn't a regular girl. But Charles began to think that here was the sort of adventure he 'd read about.

"What 's your name?"

"Well, he used to call me Pat," said the girl. "You can call me Pat if you like."

There was another pause.

"I suppose we ought to be getting along," said Charles.

There was another pause.

"I think I 'd like a drink," said Pat. "Have you got any money?"

"I 've got a bit," he said cautiously. "But we can't get a drink. It 's too late."

"Don't let that worry you. I 've got some money, too, and I want to spend it. The fellow who runs the Happy Club 's a friend of—well, a friend of mine. Come on, soldier. I 'll lead you to it."

"My name 's Charles," said Charles as they walked along. "I 'm not really a soldier yet."

"O.K., soldier."

The Happy Club was a harmless enough place, except that the proprietor was apt to be a bit broadminded about the rules. He 's had to move since then. He 's always moving. There wasn't much doing when Pat and Charles appeared, but the bar was fairly well patronised.

"Hullo, Pat! Glad to meet your friend. What 's it to be?"

"Scotch. That all right for you, Charley? And none of the home-made stuff. This is Charles, who 's going to give the Germans something unpleasant to think about to-morrow."

They danced to a piano extraordinarily well played, then they had another drink. Then they danced again—not quite so well. But they had another drink, and tried again.

"Listen," said Charles. "I don't like to see a nice girl like you leading this rackety life."

"That 's just it," said Pat. "I *am* a nice girl—you don't know how nice I am. Nobody does. But it 's too awful to think of you going off to-morrow to fight those murdering Jerries and p'raps get killed like—well, like so many nice boys. You 're a nice boy, too, aren't you, Charles? Then you can kiss me just once and then we 'll have one more drink because it 's my turn to pay. I 'm a nice girl, and I 'm a sport."

She was looking quite ethereal, Charles decided. Drink did not make her red or

(Concluded on page 32)

"They danced to a piano extraordinarily well played, then they had another drink. Then they danced again."

Founder *of the work party is Mrs. Faller, here trying a new sling design, carried out in black canvas, on Mrs. Morris, daughter of the late Sir Michael O'Dwyer*

Worplesdon Work Party

A Golf Club Does Its Sewing Bit

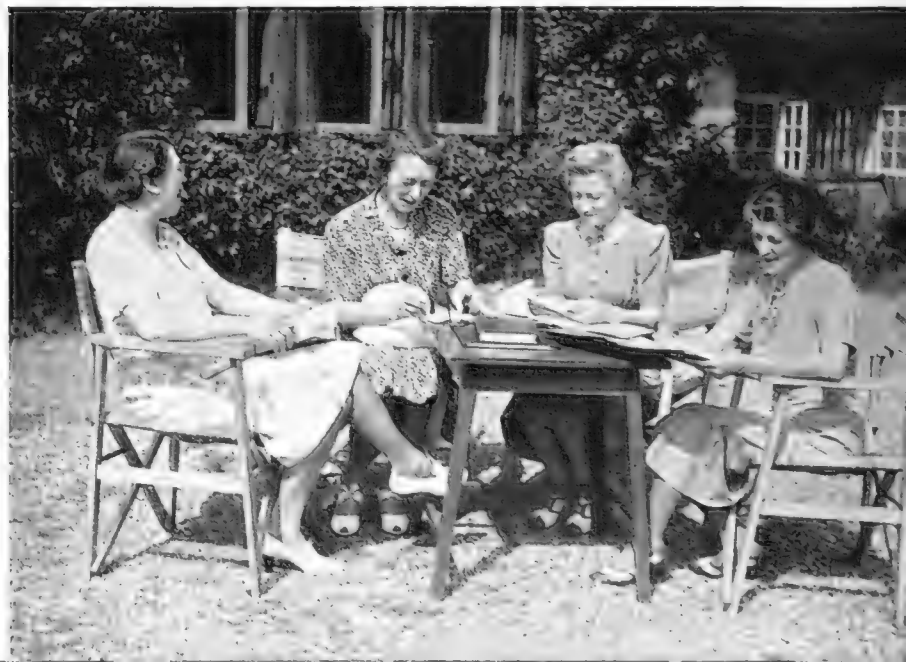
The Worplesdon Ladies' Golf Club started a hospital supplies working party in the early days of the war and it has been meeting twice a week ever since in the lounge of the club-house, with occasional excursions on to the loggia and lawn outside. Mrs. Faller, who lives next door to the club, had the idea, and the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Brabazon, for ten years hon. secretary of the Ladies' G.C., helped her to get the party going. Mrs. Brabazon is still on the committee, though her time is now fully taken up by the Cowshott and Pirbright canteens (" Bystander," September 4th). The party is attached to the Lady Mayoress's Fund, receives its materials and instructions from and returns its finished garments to the Mansion House

A nightshirt *is Mrs. Adrian Berrill's piece of sewing in the picture below. She moved over to the window-sill to give it its finishing touches*

Indoors *the work party stitches away in the lounge of the Worplesdon Ladies' Golf Club. All members are most regular in their twice-weekly attendance*

Outdoors, *weather permitting, the work party uses the loggia. These three are Mrs. Goldsmith, Lady Holford, widow of Lt.-Col. Sir George Holford, and Mrs. Ashley Roberts*

Committee, *attending to their business in the sunshine, below, are Mrs. Cooper, who works at the Pirbright canteen as well, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Faller, who is also one of the party's cutting-out experts, and Mrs. Henderson*



Parties and Perfume

An Informal Winter

Ready for the shelter—in fact, ready for anything—is Yardley Lavender, "The Lovable Fragrance." After long hours in stuffy dug-outs or blacked-out rooms, this perfume refreshes your tired nerves with its soothing fragrance. This preparation is quite distinct from a simple lavender water, made by steeping lavender blossoms. It is a perfume skilfully distilled and blended so that its true fragrance lingers and lasts. You can buy it all over the country in flasks from 2s. 6d. to 42s.; some of them are shown below. Purse sizes, useful in any emergency, are 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

Even in wartime there are special occasions, but on a present-day budget one frock has to be right for them all. At Selfridges, Oxford Street, they have an attractive collection of dresses that you can wear from lunchtime onwards at very moderate prices. The basis is usually black, with slashes of colour or brilliant bead embroidery. Their jumper dress above, in a fine woollen material, looks warm and glowing in black and red, but they also have it with Swiss blue. Lace bands give it a formal look, but the design is so simple that it never looks overdressed

Night Must Fall . . .

And Down We Must Go to Shelters to Arrange Our Bodies for Sleep As Best We Can

A shade more primitive than mattresses and blankets are Li-Los, rugs and cushions. But a Li-Lo, though primitive as a bed, is not simple—if too hard it bounces you, if too soft it lets your hip-bone through to the floor. Nearer civilisation is the lady on the camp-bed behind. This view is part of the shelter under Lansdowne House

Next to a mattress on a camp-bed, extreme of air-raid luxury, ranks a good thick mattress on the ground. Especially if the mattress is sure of its floor-space and you are sure of your mattress and can therefore linger up aloft as long as you please. These sleepers in a May Fair hotel passage have two blankets and two pillows each. Neither has used the sleeping-bag technique for arranging her blankets: when the right-hand one turns over, her blanket will go round with her, and leave a gap at the back

The three-chair bed on the left is said to be very comfortable until you turn over, when, according to our photographer, who tried it himself, the results are disastrous. Inventor and demonstrator is Peggy Chamberlain, dance hostess at Murray's Club, which is also a public shelter

If you spend all night with nothing but a rug between you and the concrete, a cup of tea at any hour comes from heaven. In the crypt of St. Paul's, Portman Square, where the picture below was taken, there is an extemporised canteen. Later on, these knitters and newspaper readers will slump down into their rugs, and, after several weeks' experience of shelter life, they will probably manage to sleep

Most people in their day have nodded off in a deck-chair under summer skies and on ships; few until lately have made these finger-pinching contraptions into beds. At Grosvenor House a deck-chair and a ballroom chair have been found no bad substitute for box springs and mattresses. It's a tip that might be taken in home shelters as well

Visitor *to a model aircraft factory is the Duke of Kent. At the factory replicas of the real machines are made for instruction in recognition of the observers and gunners of the R.A.F. Accompanying the Duke was his personal air assistant, Pilot Officer Whitney Straight, the well-known airman and racing motorist, who has now fully recovered from the serious head wound received while on service operations in Norway. His wife, Lady Daphne Straight, a sister of Lord Winchilsea, is in the U.S.A. Mr. V. J. G. Woodason explains the models to the Duke*

Guest *in London at the invitation of the Air Ministry is the Director of Recruiting for the Royal Canadian Air Force, Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop, V.C. He is in charge of the vast Canadian Air Training programme, which will furnish a flow of pilots who undoubtedly will all try to equal the Air Marshal's bag of seventy enemy machines he destroyed in the last war*

Men With Wings: British-American Personalities in England

Officer *in charge of the Air Transport Auxiliary pilots is Captain Norman Edgar. These "ferry" pilots perform the vital job of flying British warplanes from factory to service air fields. With Captain Edgar is an American pilot from Texas, Frank Miller*

Volunteer *American pilots are serving with the Air Transport Auxiliary. Here are two of them—Earl Ortman of New York and Ken Cleaver of California. Ortman is a famous racing pilot well known at the Cleveland Air Races, and Cleaver has been flying for seventeen years under all conditions. These men, are not in the R.A.F., but are under the control of Lord Beaverbrook, the Minister of Aircraft Production. Poles, Spaniards and Canadians are also represented*

Monocled adjutant *of the squadron is this Czech officer, who is extremely popular with the pilots of the unit*

"Thumbs up," *say the Czech pilots of the fighter squadron, in action with the R.A.F. Flying the formidable "Hurricanes," they have destroyed 41 enemy aircraft with the loss of but one man. The British C.O. reads congratulations from the Secretary for Air, Dr. Benes, their President, and Air Officer C.-in-C., Fighter Command*

Czech Air Fighters with the Royal Air Force

Czech pilots *grin broadly after having given the German Luftwaffe a beating in the recent heavy air-fighting. Their British flight-leader (extreme right) shares their jubilation*

Following the collapse of France, General S. Ingr, Commander-in-Chief of the Czech Forces which had been fighting there, arrived in Britain with his men. Among this selected force were 200 first-line pilots who are now ready to fight again. In reserve there are 300 pilots completing the training they had begun in France, and a ground staff of 200 air mechanics. Already a Czech fighter squadron is in service with its comrades of the R.A.F., and has achieved notable successes in the short space of time it has been in action. On this page are pictures of some of the personnel of the squadron

British Flight-Lieutenants *who lead the squadron's patrols have an English setter as their mascot. Apparently not satisfied with his own adventures in the air, the officer on the right reads "North-west Passage" while he's on the ground*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Trail — Thompson

A North Country wedding was that of Captain John H. Trail, Durham Light Infantry, and Ann Patricia Thompson, at St. Cuthbert's, Bedlington. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Thompson, of Hartford Hall, Bedlington, Northumberland

Stethen — Sugg

Major Hubert Stethem, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Colonel and Mrs. Hubert Stethem, of Kingston, Canada, and Stephanie Sugg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Sugg, of Dore, Sheffield, and the Orchard, Bakewell, Derbyshire, were married at Bakewell Parish Church

Holdsworth — Zvegintzov

Pilot Officer Richard William Gilbert Holdsworth, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Professor Sir William and Lady Holdsworth, of Grandpont House, Folly Bridge, Oxford, and an Oxford rowing Blue, and Mary Zvegintzov, daughter of the late Col. Alexander Zvegintzov, and Mrs. Zvegintzov, were married at St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford

Eliot — Ealden

Lieut. Peter C. Eliot, R.N., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Eliot, of Bonporteau, Cavalaire, Var, France, and Patricia Ealden, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ealden, of Vancouver, B.C., were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Stokes — Rooke

Dr. John Fisher Stokes and Elizabeth Joan Rooke, who is also a doctor, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stokes, of Bexhill-on-Sea. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rooke, of Foxglade, Shinfield, Berks.

Cherry — Rowe

Sub.-Lt. Conrad Cherry, R.N.V.R., son of E. H. Cherry, of Ruxley Towers, Surrey, and Mrs. Cherry, of Harbourside, Canford Cuffs, Dorset, and Glory Rowe, daughter of the late George Rowe, and Mrs. Rowe, of Deancroft, Cookham Dean, Berks., were married at Cookham Dean. He is an Oxford rowing Blue and International oarsman

Newton — Graham

Second-Lieut. Norman Newton and Joan Graham were married at Barnes Church. He is the well-known Rugger player of Blackheath, Hampshire County, and the Barbarians. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Graham, of Montrose, Roehampton Gate, S.W.15

Mr. Stuart and Miss Pollard

Second-Lieut. Peter Robert Oman Stuart, R.A.S.C., is engaged to Rosalind Pollard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pollard, of Exeter. He is the only son of the late P. P. Stuart, and Mrs. D. Stuart, of 94, Iverna Court, W.8, and grandson of the late Sir Harold Stuart, K.C.S.I., and Sir Charles Oman

Jameson — O'Kelly

Lieut. Francis Dale Jameson, 3rd Carabineers, son of the late Lieut.-Col. E. J. Jameson, and Mrs. Jameson, and Kitty de Pentheny O'Kelly, daughter of the late Captain Henry de Pentheny O'Kelly, and Mrs. de Pentheny O'Kelly, of Burgess Hill, Sussex, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY ***Nerina Shute***, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY ***Anna Zinkeisen***, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

She: What did you think of the First Act?

He: I'm afraid I didn't see it . . . I was looking at you.

She: (Smiling) Are you going to propose *again?*

He: Look here, Martha, why don't you marry me and put me out of my agony? I can't eat, and I can't sleep . . . all because of you.

She: Just like a man to think of marriage in terms of eating and sleeping!

He: (With a sigh) To be in love is a great disadvantage socially.

She: Why?

He: It's like having measles. I do nothing but tell my friends how beautiful you are . . . so now everybody leaves the room when they see me coming.

She: (Softly) Try the subject on *me.*

He: The modern girl nearly always looks painted and artificial, but *you* look naturally beautiful. Thank goodness, you don't use make-up.

She: But I *do!* I use everything made by Madame Pomeroy.

He: Never mind, I kissed you in the First Act and your lips are still red . . . so will you marry me, darling?

She: (In a whisper) Thank goodness for Pomeroy lipstick.

JEANNETTE
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PRICES FROM 2/3 TO 9/6

Cross Purposes

A Boxing Match Suffers Enemy Interruption

In a recent ten-round bout between Ernie Roderick and Eric Boon, the spectators had the unusual opportunity of watching two fights at the same time—a contingency not expected by the promoters. While the boxers were pounding away at each other, an air battle developed directly overhead, and the fans abandoned the display of fisticuffs for a more dramatic spectacle. For several minutes the billed contestants boxed unheeded. Roderick, the welter-weight champion, won on points over ten rounds. Boon, the light-weight champion, fought out of his class at a disadvantage. He tried hard for a knock-out in the last round, but Roderick never gave him a chance. Boon was heavily punished in the first round and never managed to fully recover from the blows

Roderick Lands With a Hard Left to Boon's Jaw

The Boxers Take Second Place to an Air Battle Overhead

Always ask for Schweppes
by name
There's nothing that is
'just the same'
Schweppes
SPARKLING
LIME

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

I Should Worry!

WHAT a lot of minor worries war does save! Day after day as I pass a well-known course in the train I have noticed that the fairways were inevitably getting browner and browner in the long drought. In a normal year just think of the complications that would therefore have arisen. Recall the grumbles round the nineteenth hole or over the teacups about the impossibility of stopping the pitches on ground like concrete; how dear old Mother A., with her topped tiddlers, could drive almost as far as slashing young B., who could otherwise flick further with a No. 7 than Mother A. could drive with all the clubs strung together. What assertions on the part of the lower handicaps that the giving of strokes was an impossibility, with consequent revival of the old agitation that the monthly medals must be played in two divisions, and ensuing disappointment when there then proved to be insufficient returns for anything to be awarded in either. What tearing of hair on the part of club officials, subsequently communicated to the handicap manager, with reactions and repercussions all the way up to the next annual general meeting of the L.G.U., via handicapping subcommittee, executive, and agenda, because handicaps had come down without the standard of play going up, and Mrs. W., X., Y. and Z. would stand no earthly chance in the next open meeting, let alone the disappointment of their no longer being eligible to play in Pearson trophy matches, whilst still no more use than a sick headache if put into the club team, and as for their claims to be considered for the *Star* matches——! And what agitation for the club that should at this moment have been welcoming county finals and English championship for fear the downpour did not come in time, or was insufficient when it did.

THEN consider all the personal problems that were wont to agitate us towards the end of September. Was the county sure of having its best team, and was that team taking the best steps to tune up for the finals? Had tennis or swimming or idling or a surfeit of European championships; been a bad preparation? Then, having tuned up rightly for the County Finals, would a gale and a deluge make that refinement of torture—as we in our disproportioned mind thought it to be—the worst possible preparation for the championship itself, in which we had distinct hopes for our top players and believed even the youngsters nearer the bottom capable of putting up a good show?

WAS the course really a test of the best women, because a first-class course for men may not fulfil the same high mission for women? Miss Somebody had been down there a month ago, and been horribly disappointed; from men's forward tees the two-shotters were only a drive and a chip; from the back ones they were anybody's 5's and nobody's 4's. Of course, things might be different if rain came and. . . . Yes, the right person did generally win the championship, whatever happened to lesser lights who thought they ought to get medals, but instead got an early beating by some unknown playing superbly—generally be it noted,, because the lesser light had blacked herself out, and so allowed the unknown to shine like a good deed in a naughty world. Would the greens be slippery or woolly? Was the draw a good one? What was the hotel going to be like? Had the right party drifted together, or would somebody want to talk golf all the time, more especially her own golf, instead of allowing the evening to be peaceful with bridge or books or talk of something besides the day's chances lost or taken?

AND then, if the county finals and the English went off well, and you really had a tip-top partner for BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, what were the chances of her having played herself out at the two preceding events, supposing she had gone through pretty near to the end? Might she even throw you over altogether? If she really was so terribly good, was there a fear that she would be sorry after all to be playing with you, a comparative rabbit, at Roehampton, and even slide out of it at the last moment? Or ought you, attempting to be a generous soul, to give her the choice of doing that, remembering that she and Thingumebob had really every chance of winning at Worplesdon the week after Roehampton, provided she had not quite golfed herself out in the meantime? And how much fun up in town could be crammed into that Autumn Foursomes week? Of course, if the weather was vile you might be glad to stop in of an evening, especially if you had gone beyond the eighteenth twice in the day, but there were a lot of good shows on, and you didn't get to London often.

Certainly a good many problems have been dissipated, leaving us all sufficiently thankful if we and our friends are merely alive still. My own personal problem at the moment is how soon to launch the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, but this suggestion may at least be made: if any courses have had new holes cut, by those vile greenkeepers who do their work blindly from Messerschmitts and Junkers, will they turn them to good account for that Fund?

Folk have often said they could pitch, or putt, if the hole were a few yards round. What about a pitching competition into those bomb craters, with nothing more than a signed piece of paper for the prize, but the entry fees for the golfers' own "Spitfire," hereinafter called "The Blaster"? That is one ramification of the scheme now being worked out.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Black-out

(Continued from page 22)

noisy, but pale and pathetic. He decided she aroused his manly instinct of protection. He wanted to tell her so. But then they had their other drink and they danced once again and Charles suddenly felt most terribly tired and extremely ill.

Perhaps the Scotch had been the home-made kind, after all—or perhaps it takes practice to get tight twice in the same evening.

Anyway, the next thing he remembered was being helped up some stairs and being "shushed" into silence.

He woke on a sofa in the sort of bed-sitting-room that might have been in any one of the least-fashionable parts of London. He woke not gradually, but because he was being violently shaken. He had a headache, but the shaking gave him no time to reflect upon it. Pat was shaking him; a Pat fully dressed and clearly alarmed.

"Get up," she said. "There's a bathroom next door. You can wash there. But hurry! I can hear the old woman getting up. If she finds you here my reputation's gone. It's later than I thought. Hurry!"

Still whispering "Hurry!" and "Shush!", she dragged him downstairs five minutes later, down and out into the early-morning light. Charles had never felt so tired before. Nor until they'd turned the corner out of one Bloomsbury street into another did she let him pause.

"Gosh!" she said. "That was a near thing. Now, as you spent more than me last night, I'll pay for the breakfast."

"But I don't want——"

"Don't argue. It'll do you good. Ham and eggs and hot tea." She looked more frail and delicate than ever. "That's the boy!"

They had a good meal, and even Charles had to recognise that after thick, hot, hard slices of ham and hard, hot, fried eggs and strong, scalding hot tea in a big cracked cup had been hurried down his throat he felt more human. But as his strength returned so did his wits.

Pat by daylight looked surprisingly fresh and attractive, but she wasn't his type, he reflected. Too bossy by half. She watched him. She asked his full name, where he was going, what barracks, what depot, what regiment. Good lor', she might have been a spy! She wrote all his answers down, and none of them was true. She made him write down her full name and address. She made him say he liked her.

As she took him to his bus he found himself promising to send her his photograph, and begging her to send him hers.

He could have screamed with relief when the bus appeared—but then she kissed him, so passionately and so gently too.

She whispered: "I can never thank you enough. You're such a sweet person. You saved me."

IT took poor Charles a long time to get a transfer to the Royal Corps of Signals—the unit he said he was going to join. After prolonged thought he decided not to attempt to explain the wrong name. She never referred to that, either.

They were married during his first leave, and Pat was so charming to his mother he didn't ever have to explain where they had met.

THE END.

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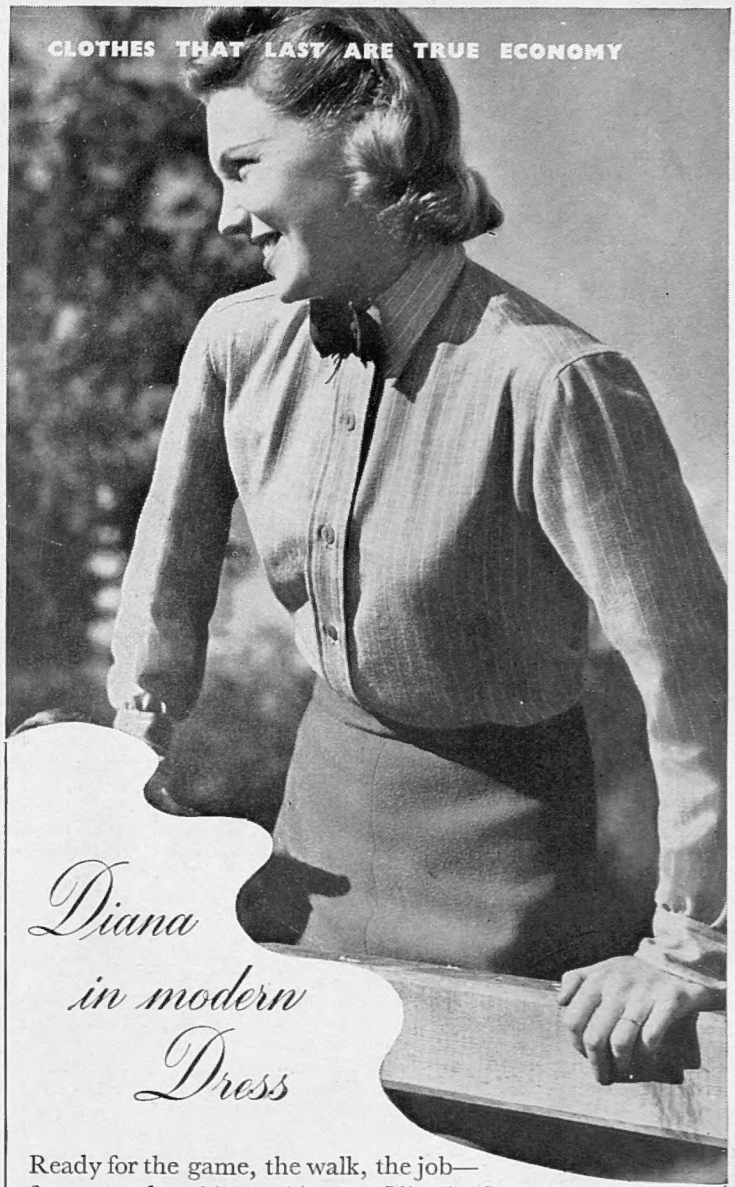

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